

THE CHARLES VIEWER



FISHER COLLEGE
2003

Fisher College
1903-2003
One Hundred Years of Academic Excellence



Editors: Tanya Tanaro and Adrian Spatzer
Faculty Advisor: Mr. Michael Knoll

The 2003 edition of the *Charles Viewer* is a collection of work from the creative artists who attend Fisher College. The literary and artwork magazine provides an outlet for starving artists to show talents and outstanding abilities. The *Charles Viewer* consists of poetry, photographs, essays and artwork from a diverse group of students. Many of these students provide a raw and realistic outlook on controversial, personal and universal issues college students deal with daily.

We would like to thank the following people for their assistance and support: Dr. Charles Perkins, President; Marjorie Roy, Assistant Dean for academic affairs; and faculty who inspired students to submit their writing and artwork to the magazine.

Special thanks to Ms. Amy Beaudry, Dr. Dean Walton and Mr. Michael Knoll for aiding and abetting the publication of the *Charles Viewer*. Finally, warm thanks to Allegra Printing for publishing this years' edition.

Surviving Fate

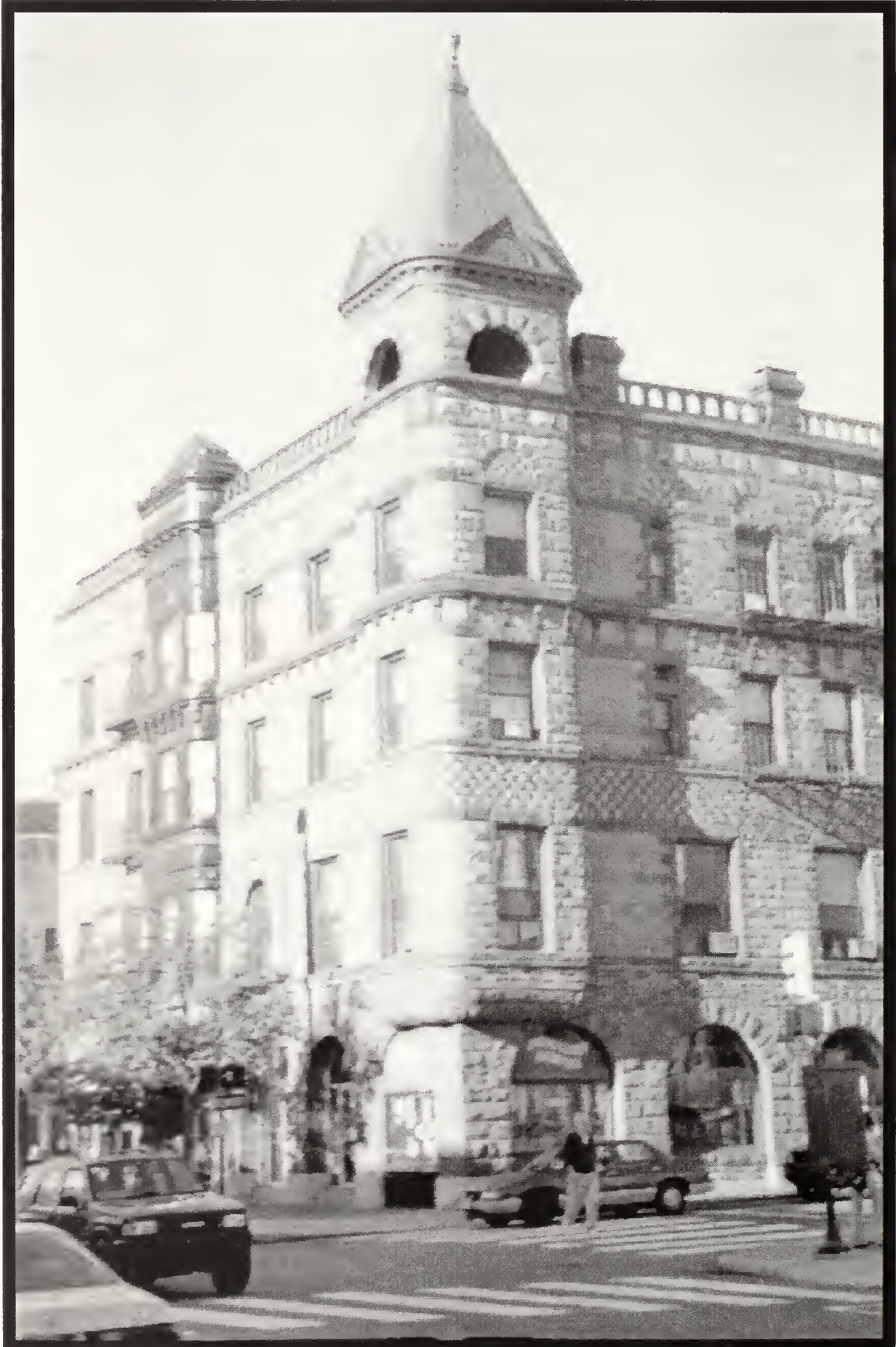
For the last 16 years of my life, I've been in depression. I suffered from the agonizing pain of low self-esteem, which outnumbered the many scratches and bruises my body possessed. My heart had sunk into a dark hole that could never be found. I became isolated from society as well as myself. I felt like "The Created" in Mary Shelley's masterpiece of Frankenstein. I had no friends; I couldn't trust anyone. Often I would ask myself: "What is happening to me?" I tried so hard to search for reasons why I was treated so badly. I concluded that the reason that I was going thorough so much with the one person I loved so dearly was because I was *Jermaine*. I didn't see it as "Things happen." I thought it had something to do with who I was. I started to think little of myself and expected others to also. Like the creature of Frankenstein, I started to see the image that my creator saw, a monster.

For 18 years, my mother and I have not been able to get along. As a child, my mother used to physically abuse me. Unaware of what the reasons were, I have grown to expect the beatings. Taking on the persona of a creature, I lurk at every corner, realizing I was not accepted by the one who created me, but still persisted in seeking hope for acceptance by resisting this sort of treatment. From not taking the garbage out at an appropriate time, to not making my bed in the correct way, I developed the mentality that these were valid reasons for a child to be mistreated in such a way.

In comparison to the physical abuse, the verbal abuse did greater damage. "Sticks and stones may break your bones but words will never hurt you." God, what a lie. My mother found numerous ways to hurt me. She would say, "You'll never become anything, gonna end up just like your father." My father is a heroin addict. Even though I knew I'd never grow up to be like him, it still hurt me to hear such words from a person who I thought loved me as much as I loved her.

My love for her will never diminish, even though she revealed her true feelings for me when she put a person that she'd only known for two weeks in front of her own son. "If you can't accept who I am with, then you need to get the hell out my house." When hearing these words, everything that I ever hoped for flushed its way out of existence. I would fantasize about my mother and me building an extensive bond, and her giving me advice about girls. Those thoughts vanished when she chose her fling over me. I love my mother, but I don't like her. Most sons have bonds with their mothers, but my mother and I have never been out more than once. As peculiar it may sound, I am perfectly ok with it. I cherish the fact that she and I had been out for at least one time; even though I was old enough to resent her company. I mean, who would want to be seen with their mother at the movies? I would. That night she scolded me about not requesting butter on the popcorn; she told me I was good for nothing. I became so immune to the way she treated me that I became blind. Like Frankenstein's creature, I yearned for her respect and love. This yearning gave me the ability to discard any recognition of mistreatment that I was receiving. I used to recognize how wrong my mother treated me, but now, I see past it. Now I see it as a test to determine how strong I

actually am. My mother may not be aware of it, but she has helped me grow. I have grown into a man of resistance, a type of resistance that shall not be diminished.



Adrian Spatzer

Untitled

Mesmerized by the TV screen,
my eyes fill with amazement.
Your spoken words, form my philosophy.
Glamorous style and heartfilled persona dwells within me.
You are the inspiration of my world,
You shine that light on me while trapped in a dark room.
Your handwritten name makes me strive for the best.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION, for no cause!!
Once was inspired, now betrayed.
I wait in this dark room, waiting to be shown light.
You do not come.
I become sickened at the thought of your handwritten name
on my piece of wood that's worth more than my admiration of you.
The smell of your "distracted" benevolence makes me wonder in disgust:
Why I ever recognized your "Significance"

Missioned to know why I thought such things,
Hatred of you because I couldn't become you.
Drowning in my own lack of significance,
Seeing what I looked for inside you, when it was in me all the long.
Long loving you, nor loving myself.
Long wanting to be you, when I didn't even know you.
Your talent still inspires me,
To look within myself and find a high quality person like you are portrayed.

Your gleaming smiles & gainless persona,
Make me want be me.
My heart can be just like yours.
But there is a difference between your heart and mind,
Your heart seeks display, while my heart has its own display.
And how did I get here?
By YOU of course!!! I now have that self-determination that was provided by you.
Your artistic hands and mouth enable, as flesh of this water and plant to become.
Become not an artist like yourself,
But become one of recognition and self love.

The admiration still lives within,
Not of your publicity or rigged fame, but your capacity.

I'M A CELEBRITY!!!
I'M MY OWN CELEBRITY!!!
My capability as a human being shapes the publicity and fame within me.

Future Shock

I want a flying car

Damn it all, I was promised a Jetson future
 I want to vacation on Venus with the white haired girl next door
 I want to shine so brightly I leave my image burned
 Into the eyes of all who see me
 I want to wear a multi-hued halo of activity
 Like a lunatic force-field protecting me from a grey world

I'm tired of mucking about in the bowels of industry
 Where the fuck is my Utopia?
 Where the fuck is Starfleet?
 I think I'd look good in a two-tone jumpsuit

Life in the Molasses

Sinking back into the gentle gravity of the past
 I'm realizing into my own cozy demise
 Like taking a warm bath with a cold razor

I want to live now
 I want a life of presence
 But my summer memories draw me deeper
 Cradle me into the warmth of the love I have known
 Shelter me from the rejection I must surely face tomorrow
 They whisper sweetly to me that the now does not exist

I am Alice falling through the looking glass

Like some prehistoric bug
 I struggle against the amber
 I wish I knew how to stop falling
 How to suck myself back up into the present
 How to let go of the weight of my past before it drowns me in billowing red time

Who could live in the present?
 Not wrapped in the warm fat of memory
 Kept safe from the icy tides of the future



Hisayo

Tomorrow's Dreams

Inside my head
There is a long hallway with
Gentle indirect lighting and a
Floor that is made of rain-slick ice
So deep that I can see stars buried in its frigid depths
The walls in this place are made of marble
Without vein or blemish
Like the skin of Venus
The ceiling is the sky
Pressed between sheets of glass
Like an exotic flower

I tread this hall gently
Lest I slip on the icy floor and fall
Into some dark part of myself I have never cared to see

It is a long hall
I must walk it for seven lifetimes
Before I reach the end

A pair of massive steel doors
Hot to the touch
Inset with six panels of hammered bronze
Depicting the story
Of my life



One Night in Jail

One night in jail will be an eternity in your world
 Your first may well be your last...
 If you can make it past the mockeries of ones in control
 Who called you guilty and dug you this hole
 One night in jail...you've got to be bold
 See if you will not rebel...against those who gave you this hell
 One night. That's all you need in a jail cell.
 The effects will haunt you for many years on
 A jail you either die or wish you were never born
 This is the night you will cry to see dawn
 And your soul will blacken as you try to keep warm
 From the cold eyes claiming you deserved your position
 That night you will scream and no one will listen
 You will feel the closing in of the doors when you try to break free
 You will be a number and not a voice with a generic plea
 You will see in one night what you never could see
 Out there you wallowed in your paradise
 And the pie was divided you had the generous slice
 With angels in white and evil an onyx shade
 In jail you are a part of your feared masquerade
 You struggle to eat and sleep through hungry nights
 In order to gain respect you are forced to fight
 In jail you do not live you try to survive
 This jail you're a soldier if you make it alive
 Your only way out is the way you came in
 Through cheating their system or give yourself in
 A jail where your cell mate cannot enforce rules
 Trying to escape using your brain as your tool
 You are not taught so experience is school
 A jail where your resources are obtained at birth
 Hands, feet, eyes, ears and self worth
 In a jail where you appear defenseless and pathetic
 In a jail the officials are not sympathetic
 While you watch in innocence while they take breaks
 In a jail they are the same ones who determine your fate
 In a jail the pardon comes too many years late
 In a jail there is no meat to overeat on your plate
 In a jail you share the treatment as rats
 In a jail you will attract
 Brutality, injustice, and abusive attacks
 In this jail there has never been a democrat
 In my jail you know what it means to be black
 For just one night

Bomb Psalms

Iraq is not an amusement park. I am
not just playing soldier. People really
are going to die. My gun will fire real
bullets. I am not just playing soldier.

This is the right thing.

I am strong

I am strong

enough for

Iraqis anyway.

I am an Army of One...

God is on our side. And

I am not just playing soldier.

This is the right thing. I can't get

hurt. Can I? Oh God, people

are going to die. Really die. I am

going to kill people. Me! I hope my

Mom will be okay. What if I die? No,

I am strong. I am not just playing soldier.

Right? My gun will fire REAL bullets.

What am I doing? How in God's name
did I get here? I will not throw up in

front of the guys. Why is it so hot on

this plane? Breathe. I am not just

playing soldier. Breathe. I am not

just playing soldier. I wish my gun

wasn't mostly plastic. I

am not just playing soldier.

I want to go home.



Melissa Menard

I Know I Can...

Eternity is a lifetime indeed, one which we all strive to achieve.
Ability to succeed is not greed, but instead is what we must need.
Desire is like passion that comes from the heart.
Believe in yourself, and nothing can tear you apart...

Beth Delaney

Untitled

From the moment we met, I knew from the start
We could separate by distance but never at heart.
These girls aren't just friends you see
They are the sisters destiny forgot to give me

Acme Wu

Fashion

Fashion is a wind
You thought you have found its direction,
But it has changed its way again



Dreamland

In my dreams I see nothing. I dream of a vast sphere with gray geometry and black curtains. White dots fly through mental space until they cross the vortex of peripheral eyelid then into the next beyond. Beyond and beyond. Beyond the magnitude of nightmares and moonlit gondola undertakings. Far past the glittery images of glory many call success and see in their subconscious only as a fairy tale. Visions of everything everybody wants come true in dark minds of tattletale souls. Orbit the realm of perfect emotion from the potato on your shoulders. Perfection is peace in chaos. In the quietest hour of life, the deepest slumber the sandman can deliver without expecting a tip, descend in to the freedom of fantasy. Living on the tip of the unknown and dying only when we awaken, we find ourselves perfect when our eyes are shut. All shoe laces neatly tied and belt buckles polished without strings hanging out the side of the loop. Smoking cigarettes and never having to wash our hands to remove the ancient odor of movie theatres and restaurants. Turbulence without fughoid landings and cubic space needles preaching bad data from LAX. Image without liquid stars reflecting from the blood of the unborn eyeball brains with fingernails for an iris. What is the extent to which the mind can function without total hydraulic shutdown? Flaps 30 to land on the pillow and v2 takeoff into special cosmos of your brain on sleep. Crusty eyes and mushy faces, dreamland is the outer limits of the soul.

Busy

You were too busy to go to Disney World
You were too busy to drive me to practice
When I asked you for a hug
You were too busy
So I turned sixteen this year
I know...you were too busy

It's a shame you were busy
I graduated from high school
But you were busy
So ma threw you out?
And your life sucks
What? You don't live here anymore?

I'm sorry I was too busy to even notice

Untitled

It's so funny how one day you can wake up dreaming then fall asleep open-eyed the next. I ask her to move over cause I'm falling over the side of the bed again. I sit back and watch her breath. In and out and in and out. I try to match the pattern but I'm sick and lose pace. At this moment in time, I think that this will last forever. That every centimeter of space in my heart is filled to the brim with the intense clarity of everything that makes up her, but deep into the core of my brain I am only counting down the dreadful seconds until I really open my eyes. You're fucked up and you need help. My dad taught me that. He used to say, inside the musty smell of his Reddy home.

"Carson, life is chess with bigger pieces." He'd drink his watered down vodka, snarl and continue.

"You have to know your next four moves before you make your first." He deals the next round of high-low.

"Nothing is disposable; it's just that small moves back the big ones." I am a confused third grader seeking refuge in my chicken marsalla.

"Do you understand what I am saying? Do you?" He comes back to me while I'm watching *Delta Force* on TV.

"If you don't know your moves, Carson, then the opponent is just as liable to win as you are."

I am brushing my teeth.

"So know your moves and be aware of them not knowing yours." He pulls into my mother's driveway to drop me off because it's Sunday.

"Carson, lastly...."

I stop with the door half open..."

"This game of chess is easy until you lose. They don't play chess, they own it."

"Who?" I say.

"One day you'll figure it out. See you next week? Tell your mother I said hello."

The door shuts and the truck fades down the street, driven by my father, carrying his life analogy of chess in the bed of his grey pick up.

And so tomorrow I will be left above my driveway, lying in my bed. I know that when we wake up, we will get dressed, I will brush my teeth and we will walk into the car. I'll put a CD in, we will stop at Cumberland Farms for cigarettes and she will buy a horrible tasting coffee. I'll turn right at the light, then left, her road will be long and bumpy. I'll get worried that I drove too far and look over at her face smiling at me; she will kiss me on the cheek. I'll see her road and sigh; we will pull into her driveway, make out and I too will disappear into the Westport scenery to find other things to think about for a while.



Fate Worse Than Death

Love

A fate worse than death I say
 A taste of love, a taste of hate
 A burning desire, a need for you
 That is to which I fade and plead essentially too
 Others barely compare to your infinite possibilities
 Those foreign and vast
 A telescope at hand I stand
 At the focus of your identity
 Willing to pay anything for
 A glimpse of your dimensions
 Happiness, anger, and sorrow
 You are only the purest
 Through impurity may conspire to contaminate us
 Your image still
 I will gladly love anything involving you
 Let me be your equal forever
 I would walk a million miles
 In search for a smile
 That brightens my life like yours
 I have laughed a thousand laughs
 But with you each time differs from the next
 One kiss leaves my mouth speechless
 Tasting nectar so sweet waiting for another
 One look in your eyes
 I am mesmerized by visions of tomorrow
 In your arms I feel
 Even my worst fear cannot reach me
 For your body protects mine
 Losing consciousness briefly
 Coming back stronger
 I surrender to you
 You have taken what I cherish most
 My heart
 I am a prisoner of your love
 Warm, relaxed, and fulfilled
 I am in love
 Feeling finally connected to my soul mate

Untitled

*"Unwilling to fall into the crevice of your being, on ever present fear,
becoming blind,unseeing."*

An angel kissed my cheek today
She lightly brushed my hair
She told me not to doubt myself
She said you do care
I felt her in the rose petals
Floating on the breeze
She gave me reassurance
That's all one really needs
I knew she was an angel
Contained within the petal
With a touch that was so gentle
She calmed me and made me mellow
As the breeze carried her on
She whispered one last word
She said that there are miracles
And no wishes left unheard



Broken Home

Quiet house transforms into violence of a domestic sort
And breaks the silence it can't support
Father drunken marijuana
Cocaine wife beating habits
Is turning this apartment into a closed casket with two bedrooms
Mom dukes screams in her usual somebody save me
Damsel in distress type of screech
Souls weep
Prayers beyond god's reach
The monster she calls husband
Just stole the rent money
Choked her out and spilled half a forty on the carpet
Mother tries to barricade the beasts' heartless departure
But the force of his addiction overpowers her fragile body
Leaving the decomposing roof over my head looking like ground zero
In a no place like home kind of way
Shedding tears and hoping that the happily every after part of my story will come
Before tomorrow turns into today
Throughout my lifetime I've seen too much of what I've been describing
In this broken poem the day in the life of a broken home



Abuela

God Bless to all that are dead
These distant memories
Trapped in the back of my head
I'm remembering
All the special words that you said
They meant a lot to me
It bothered me
'Cause when I heard the news
It got to me
I was like damn, I wish that I could trade my life
When your soul awoke
It seemed like the longest night
I slept uncomfortable, I know something wasn't right
The family isn't tight
Something's missing
I wish that I could bring you back
Through my visions
I'm locked in this position
I know you still come back to visit
Cause I could feel your presence and your spirit
One of these days my soul will take me to where you are
I want to speak to you
And reach out to you
Through difficult times when I need you
Sometimes I see you through my cold eyes
At the funeral we all cried
And through the days after, it was all in your name
Emotions filled in this page
Through the years life has changed
But the love is the same
Every week we put flowers on your grave
Just to seize the pain,
We hold hands when we pray
And I know I got to get over this, but I'm still sad
But yet a part of me is glad,
Because you're in a better place
Through the pictures I reminisce of your beautiful face
Sometimes I wish you were here
Why did you have to disappear...?



Hisayo Senoo

First Everything

Uncontrollable flow of passion
 An extreme scream of sexual heat covering
 my inside
 soft erotic touches
 sweet shivers
 Graciously moaning full ecstasy
 the deepest desires
 savoring thoughts of her
 smooth, slow, sexual, intimate pleasures
 she's a phenomenal woman: sexy true
 brilliant, wonderful with patience
 her radiant voice makes me dizzy
 in happiness
 beautiful bodies underneath the sheets,
 She proceeds to feed my need of
 wanting her
 Inspiring my strength to endure these
 feelings I have for her
 Innocent whispers in my mind, there
 is no need for control
 Dreaming and thinking of her constantly
 She has so many hidden treasures I will find
 How lucky I am to have her as mine



The Ability to Let Go

Reached, but nothing to grab
 Went searching for something I already have
 Destiny it's what I create
 Believer of fate
 Maybe you can relate
 Stop the world for a moment
 Listen to these words repent
 Things continuously change
 Yet it's a different day, feeling the same
 I flow simultaneously
 Hoping for recognition desperately
 Wearing me down
 Screaming without a sound
 Tears such a salty taste
 Life's thriving pull, a rat race
 Wide awake and upfront
 Afflictions arise who will confront
 Decision is to laugh
 Struggling on this biased path
 Delicate balance required
 Passion that has me crashing inspired
 By what goes on
 To allow my unheard song
 To have a voice
 With a choice
 To be ahead, never follow
 Words that most can't swallow
 Drama controlled
 Too bad you're already sold
 Individuality
 With a touch of personality
 Hold to embrace reality
 I came out
 Without a doubt
 Laughing, screaming
 Beautifully dreaming
 Coaxing the flavor
 Taste buds savor
 Life's mistakes
 That we can't make
 In the scheme of things
 We're all just lingering
 Handed circumstances
 Ruined by these chances
 Because everything you know
 Eventually leads up to the ability to let go
 This is true infinitely
 It's just about philosophy

All These Things

You are my last call, first thought on a blissful morning. You are the whisper in my words, escape in my dreams, you are my favorite midnight scheme.

It would be a lot easier, less of a messed up confessional.

If you agreed, felt freed, exclaiming exceptional.

You are the best thing I've ever had, you stroll in, tampering, my life, you are the breath I wish to breathe, always beggin' just please.

It's like smooth and just right, but rough around the edges of my core

On an adventure together, feeling clever, instead of flying high, we soar

You are the carefree destiny my heart has been searching, you are the sit back, relax and be happy with what you got, you are out of sight, but uptight

You let go when I'm with you because I make you fall

It's too bad it's not my time, sublime happenings I miss, the not knowing of what a kiss

With you could mean

The recognition of all the games in my mind between

My style and denial

You are my fear, tingles in touch, you are my amazement, that's distant back there somewhere dancing

It was this falling through to you on the ground I found understanding

In and out of breaks, the chances I don't take, I fell for a friend again

You are all these things in imperfections

Love the thought, but scared of the rejection

Without Peace

Am I ready to fight? Ready to die

For the red, white, and blue...

Am I courageous enough for you?

I stand in front of the Bush and the Bush's 700

Decision making soldiers.

The Bush and his 700-man army that sent me here.

They sent me here to fight for reasons that aren't quite clear.

Without peace, war reaps regret.

It is a massacre of the innocent.

I close my eyes and hope for peace.

Yet my guns will not allow the shooting to cease.

Democracy now portrays no voice

The citizens do not have a choice

We the people must follow

Without peace are hard words to swallow

Finding Enjoyment

Surrounded by the mysterious tangible
reality I face daily.
Constantly changing, yet
disappointed by the sameness of it all.

Hope concerning the future deterred by
disturbing past ideals.
Desperately grasping music
and creativity of others to express my feelings.

True happiness lies dancing naked in a mirror.
Ecstatic by content happiness
received by existing alone.
Loneliness is the only way to escape-

reality and enjoy the way air feels.
Left to be molded,
accepted or rejected
One day I will be powerful, choosing the future-

of other sculpted creatures of equal talent.
Nothing does not live
in such a busy lifestyle
There is never nothing wrong, nothing happening

Living only occurs after one can find-
excitement in the description of nothing.



Aslan's Child

Oh ancient Muses, hear my plea
Please come, oh come, and rescue me
For I know not of meter and rhyme
Ms. Maloney has yet had time

To teach me what I need to know
To write a poem that will flow
So visit me your genius, share

As Homer invoked thee years before
I beg thee help me with this chore
A spark or two is all I ask
To start me firmly on my task

To tell of Leo, a small pet lion
In whose eyes a childhood shines
Now tattered and torn by love and fear
Of the little boy who held him near

He dropped as if from heaven one day
From atop a shelf he came to stay
To soothe the petty nightmare terrors
And protect the child from childhood cares

His coat a nubby woolen mass
Over which tiny hands did pass
A hundred times a night and more
For years and years the touch he bore

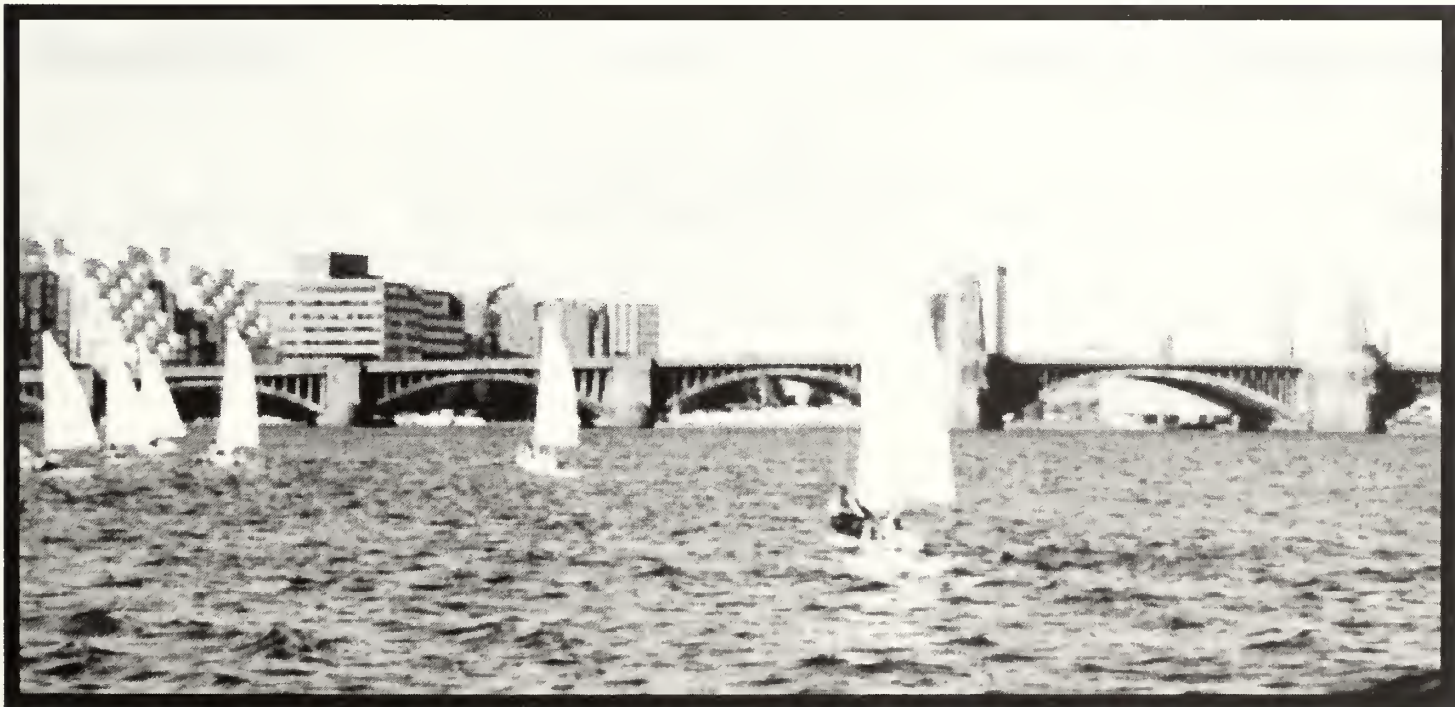
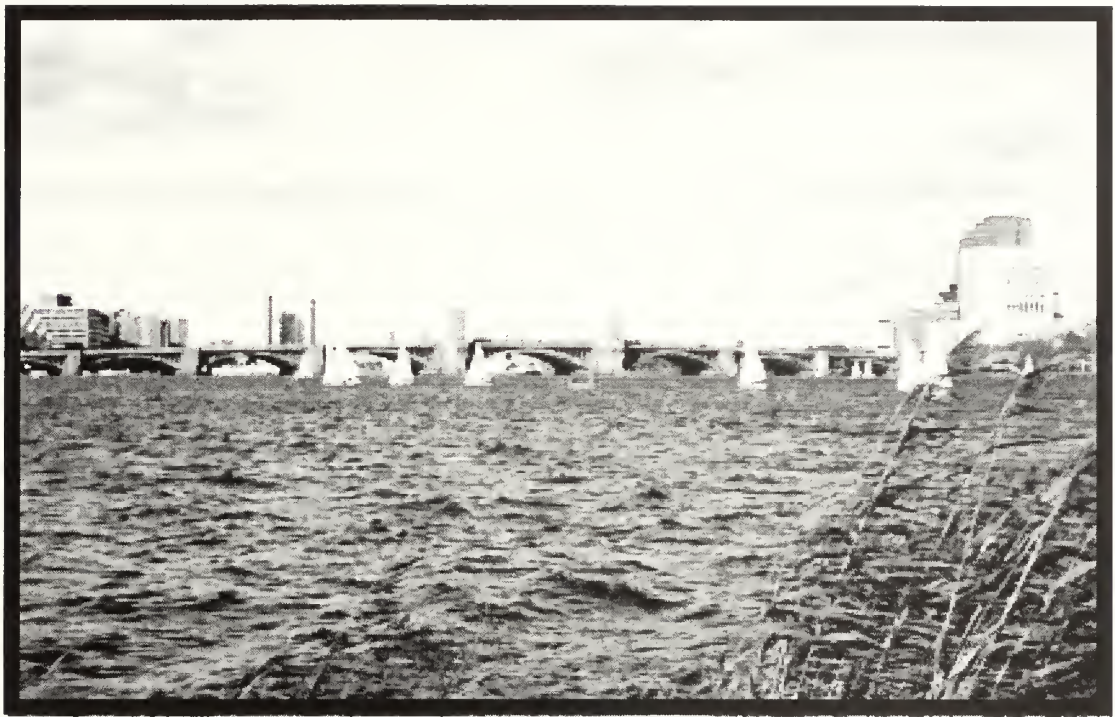
This son of Aslan patient and wise
Watched for years with warm, kind eyes
As the child faced his fears and grew
Only to deal with fear anew

Brave and proud he poses still
Atop the bed as if by will
In his doleful eyes the boy now sees
Cautious child once was, brave now will be

A Toast to my Friends

I have a few things to say to you
 and I offer nothing less
 Than a promise that my comments here
 are genuinely expressed
 Your smiles are my sunshine
 your tear drops are my rain
 Every time you are sad or troubled
 I always feel your pain
 You accept people for who they are
 you all have open minds
 I admire you in many ways
 and try not to cross the lines
 your character is unparalleled
 to each or any other
 If nothing else comes from this
 at least we have each other
 I appreciate your plain and simple
 My compliments are free
 and best of all we love each other
 I'm sure you all agree
 Happy days have found us
 although with ups and downs
 And now you'll know why I smile
 the next time I should have frowned
 so if our world were somehow different
 and your friendship was a crime
 I'd still be right beside you
 and proudly do the time

Erin O'Leary



For My Love...

All I have ever known
gently and patiently awaits
to change direction.
As winding shades of gray,
filled with disappointment
appear to divide.
Here is where everything
I've come to believe is challenged.
Thoughts and feelings have
fascinating meaning.
With this comes hope
of new understanding.
Suddenly the sounds of
fallen leaves under my feet,
mysteriously become
beautiful colors
following me with the wind.
The violent, blackened
waters in the distance
seem to flow clearly,
calmly, from upon the cool sand
that just touches my ankles.
Hesitation escapes my
body, realizing
anticipation will soon
take over without warning.
For the first time
I look ahead and the
vision is no longer numbing.
This new sensation
caresses my body,
a familiar scent fills the air.
Comforting sounds guide me along.
I realize I do not
travel this journey alone.
I slowly look down.
My hands are tightly
intertwined with yours.
From this moment on
only one emotion remains.



Powder Awakening

We have planned for this night.
 Anxiously awaited the arrival of one small rock enclosed in foil.
 Similar to the foil peanut butter and jelly was wrapped in the day of show and tell.
 Under a spoon our white innocence begins to break apart.
 Wet like the inexperience behind our ears on some occasions.
 Sticking to the razor sharp edge of a blade.
 Other nights, as powdery and dry as the feeling left on your tongue.
 Moved on to the city you once dreamed of as a child.
 Leaving us lost and so very far behind.
 We will not be subject to the mentality of a preacher.
 You to have experienced the cracks in the counter caked with our shared escape.
 But does the kerosene drip in the back of your throat,
 Taste as sweet as the look in your daughter's baby blue eyes.
 Will these twenty minute intervals of fame console the rest of your unknown existence?
 So many nights of built up residue, CD's no longer have names.
 The only place to find a mirror is behind a locked bathroom door.
 Tapping feet, grinding jaws, eyes wide with fear.
 I am no longer fooled.
 Your worries if this moment will consume your hopeless future,
 Are exposed like a rape victim.
 Silently crying in concern my words are unwelcome.
 I have been there.
 Breathing clearly I am not allowed to love or sympathize.
 Your entire existence is clogged with denial.
 Motionless I observe empty conversation.
 Realizing this was never more than an expensive ride to anywhere but here.
 Many years of enjoyment fade.
 Excitement lacks like the pleasure once received on nights like tonight.
 Do not be unrested.
 More fantastical substances have entered our lives.
 Filling the void you have left in our hearts.
 No more sleepless nights in your city of dreams.
 White lines and rolled dollars are becoming scarce.
 Our frozen, numb gums have discovered a new lively companion.
 The brown lady now entertains us.
 Potency can be seen in the depth of her color.
 As she dances in our heads, marks of addiction are left
 In our powerless bodies.
 Broken belongings and confused relationships scar our daily lives.
 Money is placed in the hands that snicker at your dependency on them-
 And their murderous goods.
 Do they care more than I do because they seduce you with powder love?
 Film ridden knives and credit cards-
 Will always belong on the bathroom counter
 And when all perish,
 Who will have left who,
 Lost,
 Alone,
 And so very far behind?

Justice

Let the rain kiss the dark ashes of war
Have it wash away the feelings of pain and hate.
Let the rain kiss the forgotten battlefield
Replenishing the life that once flourished.
Let the rain kiss the meandering souls of valiant victims
Allowing them to kiss tomorrow...protecting it from such a tragedy forever more



Whitney DeLuca

Tanya Tanaro

No Chance

Innocence of pale white, scratching escape from misguided barriers
Right to a child's fantasy torn and burned before the eyes of helplessness
Painful reality
Laughter flaunts a dream under daylight
Darkness falls and tears strangle last attempts
Advantage is taken from the absence of experience
Distorted fears transform trust into endless confusion
Dancing in circles, protection causes dizziness and nausea
Fatigue creates undying strength along with misconception
Uncertainty constantly lingering in the dense atmosphere
Unexplored bodies forever stained with shame
Unwarranted denial leads to extreme hidden truth
Silence is the last and only hope for painless discovery
Disintegrating chances of normality fall through clenched fists
Speechless pleading leaves behind permanently bruised knees and callused hands
Acceptance is not to be mistaken for forgiveness
Sympathy and love are as distant as black and white
Restlessness will continue to plague every aspect of moral existence
Waiting in self-destruction, time will conceive clarity and understanding



Canada

Je re reflechis au mot "Canada," j' imagine...

ma maison

la stabilite

la mort & la tristesse

le bonheur

Mes grands-parents

mon frere

ma tante

mon oncle

Et le couleur vert

le froid

le neige

les arbres et le mais

J'ai des memoires de mon mariage et de mon divorce.

J'ai des sentiments...

J'ai une histoire...

Est-ce-que j'ai un avenir?

Canada

I think about the word "Canada," I imagine...

my house

stability.

death and sadness

happiness

My grandparent

my brother

my aunt

my uncle

And the color green

the cold

the snow

the trees and the corn

I have memories of my marriage and of my divorce.

I have feelings...

I have a past...

Do I have a future in Canada?

Editor's Notes



Adrian Spatzer- I write really just to make words come together beautifully. My emotions pour out when I have a blank page and pen. I feel free to let my thoughts take over naturally. Writing is a gift that lifts my heart to be happy because there are riddles to my writing and it allows me to be in complete ecstasy. Writing is an escape for me; to have control over my own world; it lets my story be told. I am a 20-year-old sophomore here at Fisher College and I am originally from Muncy, PA. I started writing when I was very young and have continued ever since. Writing feeds my soul and hides my desires. Luckily I am very inspired by everything and everyone. "Life is a journey, Love is a gift, and Laughing is necessary!"

Tanya Tanaro- I am fortunate to have finally developed the ability to appreciate beauty in the ordinary, to acknowledge the precious and simplistic aspects of such a busy lifestyle. I write to capture my emotions, it gives me the ability to revisit every moment that has molded my being. I have an addiction for all creative writing. Reading the work of others is the only chance for one to escape reality and experience life in a different identity. I was raised in New York where I am a proud veteran of Fifth Drive and High Ghettos.

Index

Tanaro, Tanya front cover photo
Garrett, Jermaine 3
Garrett, Jermaine, Adrian Spatzer 4
Garrett, Jermaine 5
Ramage-Lay, Aubrey 6
Senoo, Hisayo 7
Ramage-Lay, Aubrey 8
Breevlife, Kiki 9
Ramage-Lay, Aubrey, Tanya Tanaro 10
Menard, Melissa, Beth Delaney, Acme Wu 11
Senoo, Hisayo 12
Greene, Rich, Joe Talluto 13
Byrum, Carson 14
Senoo, Hisayo 15
Casperson, Amy 16
Rodgers, Dena, Adrian Spatzer 17
Barrows, Frederick, Tanya Tanaro 18
Lopez, Freddy 19
Senoo, Hisayo 20
Spatzer, Adrian, Guadalupe Garcia 21
Spatzer, Adrian 22, 23
Tanaro, Tanya 24
DeLuca, Whitney 25
Faneuf, Dan 26
O'Leary, Erin 27
Tanaro, Tanya 28, 29
DeLuca, Whitney, Tanya Tanaro 30
Tanaro, Tanya 31
Heffernan, April 32
Tanaro, Tanya back cover photo

